

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

CHAPTER XLIV. AN OMINOUS VISIT.

I HAVE sometimes felt that, even without a revelation, we might have discovered that the human race was born to immortality. Death is an intrusion here. Children can't believe in it. When they see it first, it strikes them with curiosity and wonder. It is a long time before they comprehend its real character, or believe that it is common to all; to the end of our days we are hardly quite sincere when we talk of our own deaths.

Seeing mamma better, I thought no more of her danger, than if the angel of death had never been within our doors, and I had never seen the passing shadow of that spectre in her room.

As my strength returned, I grew more and more gloomy and excited. I was haunted by never-slumbering, and very reasonable, fore-castings of danger. In the first place I was quite in the dark as to whether Monsieur Droqville was dangerously or mortally hurt, and I had no way of learning anything about him. Rebecca, it is true, used to take in, for her special edification, a Sunday paper, in which all the horrors of the week were displayed, and she used to con it over very regularly, day after day, till the next number made its appearance. If Monsieur Droqville's name, with which she was familiar, had occurred in this odious register, she had at least a fair chance of seeing it, and if she had seen it, she would be pretty sure to have mentioned it. Secretly, however, I was in miserable fear. Mr. Carmel had not returned since my recovery had ceased to be doubtful, and he was in possession of the weapon that had fallen from my hand.

In his retention of this damning piece of evidence, and his withdrawing himself so carefully from my presence, coupled with my knowledge of the principles that bound him to treat all private considerations, feelings, and friendships as non-existent, when they stood ever so little in the way of his all-pervading and supreme duty to his order—there was a sinister augury.

I lived in secret terror; no wonder I was not recovering quickly.

One day, when we had sat a long time silent, I asked Rebecca how I was dressed the night I had gone to Lord Chellwood's. I was immensely relieved when she told me, among other things, that I had worn a thick black veil. This was all I wanted to be assured of; for I could not implicitly rely upon my recollection through the haze and mirage of fever. It was some comfort to think that neither Monsieur Droqville nor Mr. Marston could have recognised my features.

In this state of suspense I continued for two or three weeks. At the end of that time a little adventure happened.

I was sitting in an arm-chair, in our drawing-room, with pillows about me, one afternoon, and had fallen into a doze. Mamma was in the room, and, when I had last seen her, was reading her Bible, which she now did sometimes for hours together: sometimes with tears, always with the trembling interest of one who has lost everything else.

I had fallen asleep. I was waked by tones that terrified me. I thought that I was still dreaming, or that I had lost my reason.

I heard the nasal and energetic tones of Monsieur Droqville, talking with his accustomed rapidity in the room: not to mamma, for, as I afterwards found, she had

left the room while I was asleep, but to Rebecca.

Happily for me, a screen stood between me and the door, and I suppose he did not know that I was in the room. At every movement of his foot on the floor, at every harsh emphasis in his talk, my heart bounded. I was afraid to move, almost to breathe, lest I should draw his attention to me.

My illness had quite unnerved me. I was afraid that, restless and inquisitive as I knew him to be, he would peep round the screen, and see and talk to me. I did not know the object of his visit; but in terror I surmised it, and I lay among my pillows, motionless, and with my eyes closed, while I heard him examine Rebecca, sharply, as to the date of my illness, and the nature of it.

"When was Miss Ware last out, before her illness?" he asked, at length.

"I could not tell you that exactly, sir," answered Rebecca, evasively. "She left the house but seldom, just before she was took ill; for her mamma being very bad, she was but little out of doors then."

He made a pretence of learning the facts of my case simply as a physician, and he offered in that capacity to see me at the moment.

He asked the question, in an off-hand way: "I can see her, I dare say? I'm a doctor, you know. Where is Miss Ware?"

The moment of silence that intervened before her answer seemed to me to last five minutes. She answered, however, quite firmly:

"No, sir; I thank you. She's attended by a doctor, quite reg'lar, and she's asleep now."

Rebecca had heard me speak with horror of Monsieur Droquille, and did not forget my antipathy.

He hesitated. I heard his fingers drumming, as he mused, upon the other side of the screen.

"Well," he said, dwelling on the word meditatively, "it doesn't matter much. I don't mind; only it might have been as well. However, you can tell Mrs. Ware a note to my old quarters will find me, and I shall be very happy."

And so saying, I heard him walk, at first slowly, from the room, and then run briskly down the stairs. Then the old hall-door shut smartly after him.

The fear that this man inspired, and not without reason, in my mind, was indescribable. I can't be mistaken in my recollec-

tion upon that point, for, as soon as he was gone, I fainted.

When I recovered, my fears returned. No one who has not experienced that solitary horror, knows what it is to keep an undivulged secret, full of danger, every hour inspiring some new terror, with no one to consult, and no courage but your own to draw upon.

Even mamma's dejected spirits took fire at what she termed the audacity of Monsieur Droquille's visit. My anger, greater than hers, was silenced by fear.

Mamma was roused; she ran volubly—though interrupted by many sobs and gushes of tears—over the catalogue of her wrongs and miseries, all of which she laid to Monsieur Droquille's charge.

The storm blew over, however, in an hour or so. But later in the evening mamma was suffering under a return of her illness, brought on by her agitation. It was not violent; still there was suffering; and, to me, gloomier proof that her malady was established, and the grave in a nearer perspective. This turned my alarms into a new channel.

She was very patient and gentle. As I sat by her bedside, looking at her sad face, what unutterable tenderness, what sorrow trembled at my heart! At about six o'clock she had fallen asleep, and with this quietude my thoughts began to wander, and other fears returned.

It was for no good, I was sure, that Monsieur Droquille had tracked us to our dismal abode. Whatever he might do in this affair of my crime, or mania, passion would not guide it, nor merely social considerations; it would be directed by a policy the principles of which I could not anticipate. I had no clue to guide me; I was in utter darkness, and surrounded by all the fancies that imagination conjures from the abyss.

I was not destined to wait very long in uncertainty.

CHAPTER XLV. CONFIDENTIAL.

The sun was setting when, on tip-toe, scarcely letting my dress rustle, so afraid I was of disturbing mamma's sleep, I stole from her room, intending to give some directions to Rebecca Torkill. As I went down the dusky stairs I passed our Malory maid, who said something, pointing to the drawing-room. I saw her lips move, but, as will happen when one is preoccupied, I took in nothing of what she said, but, with a mechanical acquiescence, followed the

direction of her hand, and entered the sitting-room.

Our house stood upon high ground, and the nearest houses between our front windows and the west were low, so that the last beams of sunset, red with smoke and mist, passed over their roofs, and shone dimly on the oak panels opposite. The windows were narrow, and the room rather dark. I saw some one standing at the window-frame in the shade. I was startled, and hesitated, close to the door. The figure turned quickly, the sun glancing on his features. It was Mr. Carmel.

He came towards me quickly; and he said, as I fancied, very coldly:

"Can you spare me two or three minutes alone, Miss Ware? I have but little to say," he added, as I did not answer. "But it is important, and I will make my words as few as possible."

We were standing close to the door.

I assented. He closed it gently, and we walked slowly, side by side, to the window, where he had been standing.

He turned. The faint sun, like a distant fire, lighted his face. What singular dark eyes he had, so large, so enthusiastic! and had ever human eye such a character of suffering? I knew very well what he was going to speak of. The face, sad, sombre, ascetic, with which I was so familiar, I now, for the first time, understood.

The shadow of the confessional was on it. It was the face of one before whom human nature, in moments of terrible sincerity, had laid bare its direful secrets, and submitted itself to a melancholy anatomisation. To some minds, sympathetic, proud, sensitive, the office of the confession must be full of self-abasement, pain, and horror. We who know our own secrets, and no one else's, know nothing of the astonishment, and melancholy, and disgust that must strike some minds on contemplating the revelations of others, and discovering, for certain, that the standard of human nature is not above such and such a level.

"I have brought you this," he said, scarcely above his breath, holding the knife so that it lay across the hollow of his hand. His haggard eyes were fixed on me, and he said: "I know the whole story of it. Unless you forbid me, I will drop it into the river to-night; it is the evidence of an act for which you are, I thank God, no more accountable than a somnambulist for what she does in her dream. Over Monsieur Droguille I have neither autho-

rity nor influence. On the contrary, he can command me. But of this much I am sure; so long as your friends do not attack Lady Lorrimer's will—and I believe they have no idea of taking any such steps—you need fear no trouble whatever from him."

I made him no reply, but I think he saw something in my face that made him add, with more emphasis:

"You may be sure of that."

I was immensely and instantly relieved, for I knew that there was not the slightest intention of hazarding any litigation on the subject of the will.

"But," he resumed, in the same cold tones, and with the same anxiety in his dark eyes, "there is a person from whom you may possibly experience annoyance. There are circumstances of which, as yet, you know nothing, that may, not unnaturally, bring you once more into contact with Mr. Marston. If that should happen, you must be on your guard. I understand that he said something that implies his suspicions. It may have been no more than conjecture. It may be that it was impossible he could have recognised you with certainty. If, I repeat, an untoward destiny should bring you together under the same roof, be wise stand aloof from him, admit nothing; defeat his suspicions and his cunning by impenetrable caution. He has an interest in seeking to disgrace you, and where he has an object to gain he has neither conscience nor mercy. I wish I could inspire you with the horror of that mean and formidable character which so many have acquired by a bitter experience. I can but repeat my warning, and implore of you to act upon it, if the time should come. This thing I retain for the present"—he glanced at the weapon in his hand—"and dispose of it to-night, as I said."

There was no emotion in his manner; no sign of any special interest in me; but his voice and looks were unspeakably earnest, and inspired me with a certain awe.

I had not forgiven Mr. Carmel yet, or rather my pride would not retract; and my parting with him at our former house was fresh in my recollection.

So it was, I might suppose, in his; for his manner was cold, and even severe.

"Our old acquaintance ended, Miss Ware, by your command, and, on reflection, with my own willing submission. When last we parted, I thought it unlikely that we should ever meet again, and this interview is not voluntary—necessity compelled it. I have simply done my

duty, and, I earnestly hope, not in vain. It must be something very unlooked for, indeed, that shall ever constrain me to trouble you again."

He showed no sign of wishing to bid me a kindlier farewell. The actual, as well as metaphorical, distance between us had widened; he was by this time at the door; he opened it, and took his leave, very coldly.

It was very unlike his former parting.

I had only said:

"I am very grateful, Mr. Carmel, for your care of me—miserable me."

He made no answer; he simply repeated his farewell, as gently and coldly as before, and left the room, and I saw him walk away from our door in the fast-fading light. Heavier and heavier was my heart, as I saw him move quickly away. I had yearned, during our cold interview, to put out my hand to him, and ask him, in simple phrase, to make it up with me. I burned to tell him that I had judged him too hardly, and was sorry; but my pride forbade it. His pride, too, I thought, had held him aloof, and so I had lost my friend.

My eyes filled with tears, that rolled heavily over my cheeks.

I sat at one of our windows, looking, over the distant roofs, toward the discoloured and disappearing tints of evening and the melancholy sky, which even through the smoke of London has its poetry and tenderness, until the light faded, and the moon began to shine through the twilight.

Then I went up-stairs, and found mamma still sleeping.

As I stood by the bed looking at her, Rebecca Torkill at my side whispered:

"She's lookin' very pale, poor thing, don't you think, miss? Too pale, a deal."

I did think so; but she was sleeping tranquilly. Every change in her looks was now a subject of anxiety, but her hour had not quite come yet. She looked so very pale that I began to fear that she had fainted; but she awoke just then, and said she would sit up for a little time. Her colour did not return; she seemed faint, but thought she would be more herself by-and-bye.

She came down to the drawing-room, and soon did seem better, and chatted more than she had done, I think, since our awful misfortune had befallen us, and appeared more like her former self; I mean, that simpler and tender self, that I had seen

far away from artificial London, among the beautiful solitudes of her birthplace.

While we were talking here, Rebecca Torkill, coming in now and then, and lending a word, after the manner of privileged old rustic servants, to keep the conversation going, the business of this story was being transacted in other places.

Something of Mr. Carmel's adventures that night I afterwards learned. He had two or three calls to make before he went to his temporary home. A friend had lent him, during his absence abroad, his rooms in the Temple.

Arrived there, he let himself in by a latch-key. It was night, the shutters unclosed, the moon shining outside, and its misty beams, slanting in at the dusty windows, touched objects here and there in the dark room with a cold distinctness.

To a man already dejected, what is more dispiriting than a return to empty and unlighted rooms? Mr. Carmel moved like a shadow through this solitude, and in his melancholy listlessness, stood for a time at the window.

Here and there a light, from a window in the black line of buildings opposite, showed that human thought and eyes were busy; but if these points of light and life made the prospect less dismal, they added by contrast to the gloom that pervaded his own chambers.

As he stood, some dimly-seen movement caught his eye, and, looking over his shoulder, he saw the door through which he had himself come in slowly open, and a man put in his head, and then enter silently, and shut the door. This figure, faintly seen in the imperfect light, resembled but one man of all his acquaintance, and he the last man in the world, as he thought, who would have courted a meeting. Carmel stood for a moment startled and chilled by his presence.

"I say, Carmel, don't you know me?" said a very peculiar voice. "I saw you come in, and intended to knock; but you left your door open."

By this time he had reached the window, and stood beside Mr. Carmel with the moonlight revealing his features sharply enough. That pale light fell upon the remarkable face of Mr. Marston.

"I'm not a ghost, though I've been pretty near it two or three times. I see what you're thinking—death may have taken better men? I might have been very well spared? and having escaped it,

I should have laid the lesson to heart? Well, so I have. I was very nearly killed at the great battle of Fuentes. I fought for the Queen of Spain, and be hanged to her! She owes me fifteen pounds ten and elevenpence, British currency, to this day. It only shows my luck. In that general action there were only four living beings hit so as to draw blood: myself, a venerable orange-woman, a priest's mule, and our surgeon-in-chief, whose thumb and razor were broken by a spent ball, as he was shaving a grenadier, under an umbrella, while the battle was raging. You see the Spaniard is a discreet warrior, and we very seldom got near enough to hurt each other. I was hit by some blundering beast. He must have shut his eyes, like Gil Blas, for there was not a man in either army who could ever hit anything he aimed at. No matter, he very nearly killed me; half an inch higher, and I must have made up my mind to see you, dear Carmel, no more, and to shut my eyes on this sweet, jesuitical world. It was the first ugly wound of the campaign, and the enemy lived for a long time on the reputation of it. But the truth is, I have suffered a great deal in sickness, wounds, and fifty other ways. I have been as miserable a devil as any righteous man could wish me to be; and I am changed; upon my honour, I'm as different a man from what I was, as you are from me. But I can't half see you; do light your candles, I entreat."

"Not while you are here," said Carmel.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Marston. "You haven't, I hope, got a little French milliner behind your screen, like Joseph Surface, who, I think, would have made a very pretty Jesuit. Why should you object to light?"

"Your ribaldry is out of place here," said Carmel, who knew very well that Marston had not come to talk nonsense, and recount his adventures in Spain; and that his business, whatever it might be, was likely to be odious. "What right have you to enter my room? What right to speak to me anywhere?"

"Come, Carmel, don't be unreasonable; you know very well I can be of use to you."

"You can be of none," answered Carmel, a little startled; "and if you could, I would not have you. Leave my room, sir."

"You can exorcise some evil spirits, but not me, till I've said my say," answered Marston, with a smile that looked grim and cynical in the moonlight. "I say I can be of use to you."

"It's enough; I won't have it; go," said Carmel, with a sterner emphasis.

Marston smiled again, and looked at him.

"Well, I can be of use," he said, "and I don't want particularly to be of use to you; but you can do me a kindness, and it is better to do it quietly, than upon compulsion. Will you be of use to me? I'll show you how."

"God forbid!" said Carmel, quickly.

"It is nothing good, I'm sure."

Marston looked at him with an evil eye; it was a sneer of intense anger.

After some seconds he said, his eyes still fixed askance on Mr. Carmel:

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive, et cetera, eh? I suppose you sometimes pray your paternoster? A pretty time you have kept up that old grudge against me—haven't you—about Geneva?"

He kept his eyes on Carmel, as if he enjoyed the spectacle of the torture he applied, and liked to see the wince and quiver that accompanied its first thrill.

At the word, Edwyn Carmel's eyes started up from the floor to which they had been lowered, with a flash to the face of his visitor. His forehead flushed; he remained speechless for some seconds.

Marston did not smile; his features were fixed, but there was a secret, cruel smile in his eyes, as he watched these evidences of agitation.

"Well, I should not have said the name; I should not have alluded to it; I did wrong," he said, after some seconds; "but I was going, before you riled me, to say, how really I blame myself, now, for all that deplorable business. I do, upon my soul! What more can a fellow say, when reparation is impossible, than that he is sorry? Is not repentance all that a man like me can offer? I saw you were thinking of it; you vexed me; I was angry, and I could not help saying what I did. Now do let that miserable subject drop; and hear me, on quite another, without excitement. It is not asking a great deal."

Carmel placed his hand to his head, as if he had not heard what he said, and then groaned.

"Why don't you leave me?" he said, piteously, turning again toward Marston; "don't you see that nothing but pain and reproach can result from your staying here?"

"Let me first say a word," said Marston; "you can assist me in a very harmless and

perfectly unobjectionable matter. Every fellow who wants to turn over a new leaf marries. The lady is poor—there is that proof, at least, that it is not sordid; you know her, you can influence her——”

“Perhaps I do know her; perhaps I know who she is—I may as well say, at once, I do. I have no influence; and if I had, I would not use it for you. I think I know your reasons, also; I think I can see them.”

“Well, suppose there are reasons, it's not the worse for that,” said Marston, growing again angry. “I thought I would just come and try whether you chose to be on friendly terms. I'm willing; but if you won't, I can't help you. I'll make use of you all the same. You had better think again. I'm pleasanter as a friend than an enemy.”

“I don't fear you as an enemy, and I do fear you as a friend. I will aid you in nothing; I have long made up my mind,” answered Carmel, savagely.

“I think, through Monsieur Droqville, I'll manage that. Oh, yes, you will give me a lift.”

“Why should Monsieur Droqville control my conduct?” asked Mr. Carmel, sharply.

“It was he who made you a Catholic; and I suspect he has a fast hold on your conscience and obedience. If he chooses to promote the matter, I rather think you must.”

“You may think as you please,” said Carmel.

“That's a great deal from your Church,” sneered Marston; and, changing his tone again, he said: “Look here, Carmel, once more; where's the good in our quarrelling? I won't press that other point, if you don't like; but you must do this, the most trifling thing in the world; you must tell me where Mrs. Ware lives. No one knows since old Ware made a fool of himself, poor devil! But I think you'll allow that, with my feelings, I may, at least, speak to the young lady's mother? Do tell me where they are? You know, of course?”

“If I did know, I should not tell you; so it does not matter,” answered Carmel.

Marston looked very angry, and a little silence followed.

“I suppose you have now said everything,” resumed Carmel; “and again I desire that you will leave me.”

“I mean to do so,” said Marston, putting on his hat with a kind of emphasis, “though it's hard to leave such romantic, light, and

brilliant company. You might have had peace and you prefer war. I think there are things you have at heart that I could forward, if all went right with me.” He paused, but Carmel made no sign. “Well, you take your own way now, not mine; and, by-and-bye, I think you'll have reason to regret it.”

Marston left the room, with no other farewell. The clap with which he shut the door, as he went, had hardly ceased to ring round the walls, when Carmel saw him emerge in the court below, and walk away, with a careless air, humming a tune in the moonlight.

Why is it that there are men upon earth whose secret thoughts are always such as to justify fear; and nearly all whose plans, if not through malice, from some other secret obliquity, involve evil to others? We have most of us known something of some such man; a man whom we are disposed to watch in silence; who, smile as he may, brings with him a sense of insecurity, and whose departure is a real relief. Such a man seems to me a stranger on earth; his confidences to be with unseen companions; his mental enjoyments not human; and his mission here cruel and mysterious. I look back with wonder and with thankfulness. Fearful is the strait of any one who in the presence of such an influence, under such a fascination, loses the sense of danger!

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN MODERN TIMES.

(CONCLUSION OF THE SERIES.)

ONE interesting story of the robbery of the Treasury at Westminster in Edward the First's time must not be forgotten before we pass on to the Reformation, and the general pillage of the abbey that then ensued. In March of the year 1303, the warlike king set forth with his army to put down what he was pleased to call a rebellion in Scotland. Early in May the Treasury in the abbey was broken open, and royal plate and jewels to the value of about two millions of money stolen. The robbers were soon traced; the chief culprit proved to be Richard de Podelicote, a travelling merchant for wool, cheese, and butter. Richard had been sued at Bruges for a small debt, and had planned the robbery to retrieve his losses. Two monks, two foresters, and eight other persons, had aided him in the gigantic burglary, and

had spent more than four months cutting a way to the treasure. A witness was found who had seen the thieves take boat at the King's Bridge, carrying with them two heavy black leather panniers. They returned late in the day, and landed at the abbey mill. Part of the spoil had been sent to a linendraper of St. Giles's, who, alarmed at the royal proclamations, despatched a shepherd's boy with a pannier full of broken gold and silver plate to hide at Kentish Town, where it was found. Another part of the treasure was boated across the river, and never traced. But the bulk of the spoil the monks had buried in the cemetery (the graveyard enclosed by the cloisters), and had then sown the ground with hemp, so that (it being spring time) the tall green plants should soon conceal the booty. As it was, the thieves had only made two visits to this magic cave, and left behind four royal crowns and great stores of jewels, rings, and plate. The Abbot of Westminster, forty-eight brethren of the house, and thirty-two other persons, were sent to the Tower till this robbery could be cleared up. The records do not mention the fate of Richard de Podelicote and his abettors; but we may be pretty sure that the hemp sown by the daring thieves was twisted in due time into tight and serviceable ropes.

And now we push forward to the great spoliation of Henry the Eighth, whose nice theological scruples led him to many a remunerative robbery of papal treasures. In his Catholic youth this great bashaw had planned a tomb in the abbey for himself and his unlucky Spanish wife, one-fourth grander than that of his father.

Henry the Eighth himself took a dislike to Westminster, where his father, mother, and sister slept, and he was buried at Windsor, by the side of the wife whom he loved so much that he did even behead her—Jane Seymour.

In Edward's reign the abbey was a mere place to pillage. The chapter-house was turned into a record-office, and the Protector Somerset had once resolved to pull down the abbey and with its remains build his Strand palace, which was constructed from the ruins of nine churches. Mary changed all these things. She restored the whole Catholic splendour, and buried that lad of promise, her brother, at the head of his grandfather's tomb. When the bigoted queen herself died heart-broken at her husband's desertion and our disasters in France, she was buried in the north aisle

of the great chapel, and her funeral, as Dean Stanley observes, was the last solemnity of the Roman Catholic Church celebrated in the abbey. In due time to her cruel sister's side came Queen Elizabeth, and the whole city wept as she passed to her stately grave.

Then the Scottish race mounted the throne that the Tudors had dignified, and James the First brought from Peterborough the body of his mother Mary. She was interred in the north aisle of the abbey, close to Elizabeth, but beneath a grander tomb; and the Scottish Catholics believed that miracles were wrought by her bones. Already the poets had forced their way into the abbey, and taken their place beside the good and evil princes. A great poet long before had led the way. In 1400, Chaucer, probably because he had been for a short time clerk of the royal works at Windsor and Westminster, was interred in the abbey. In the reign of Edward the Sixth a small poet of the day erected the present monument to Chaucer, probably moving at the same time the poet's bones to the same place. In Elizabeth's time, that great pupil of Chaucer—Spenser—came to the abbey to lie beside his mighty master:

Near him in genius, near him in his tomb.

The gentle poet, ruined by the Irish insurrection, in which he had lost a child, came to England to die poor and broken-hearted in King-street, Westminster. The Earl of Essex gave him a public funeral, and the poets of the day, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and, no doubt, Shakespeare, attended the burial, and wrote elegies, which, with the sacred pens that wrote them, were cast upon the coffin. To the same south transept (the Poet's Corner) of St. Benedict's chapel, the year before Shakespeare died, Beaumont was also borne when his heroic song had ceased. That Shakespeare was to be buried among the poets, his friends and subjects, seems to have been the first expectation of his admirers when he died suddenly at Stratford; for a versifier, named Basse, in an elegy on the greatest of our poets, wrote quaintly, yet with fine feeling:

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, and make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

In Charles's reign, Drayton, the topographical poet, of whom Goldsmith, when he visited the abbey, had never even heard before, was buried in the Poet's Corner;

some Cavalier, Puritan, or Westminster school-boy, has broken half the nose off his bust, which gives it a very rueful appearance. Ben Jonson, who is said to have written Drayton's epitaph, died a few years later. The tradition is that Ben asked Charles the First for eighteen square inches of ground in the abbey, and that he was buried in the north aisle of the nave, standing upright to be ready for the resurrection. The probability is that tradition, in this case, speaks truth; for, in 1849, a clerk of the works, opening a new grave, saw the two leg bones of Jonson upright in the sand, and the skull, with traces of red hair still upon it, rolled down among the sand. The stone inscribed, "O rare Ben Jonson!" was fitted into the north wall of the nave in 1821. There is a medallion also to this trusty friend and fellow-player of Shakespeare in the Poet's Corner. During the Civil Wars, May, the poet and historian of the Commonwealth, was buried with honour in the abbey; but after the Restoration poor May was turned out of his lodging, and Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's godson and Milton's generous friend, buried there in his stead. But May would not have cared if he had known that the great Protector himself was also to be expelled from among the kings. Cromwell had buried in the abbey his noble old mother, his sister Jane, General Disbrow's wife, and his favourite daughter (mixed up in a dozen absurd, careless stories), Elizabeth Claypole. The great Oliver, buried by "Tumble-down Dick," at an expense of sixty thousand pounds, was brought from Somerset House, where he lay in state, to the east end of Henry the Seventh's chapel, beneath the great east window. The body, after the Restoration, to the shame of the Royalists, was dug up, hanged, beheaded, and buried under the gallows at Tyburn. The plate found on the breast of the corpse is now, says Dean Stanley, in the possession of Earl de Grey. Elizabeth Claypole, of all the Cromwells, was left alone in her long sleep. Her name was inscribed on the stone in 1867.

After the Restoration, Charles the First was to have been brought from Windsor to Henry the Seventh's chapel, and reinterred under a splendid tomb of Wren's design; but his merry son no doubt squandered the money voted for the purpose, and pretended to find it difficult to discover the martyr's body at Windsor. The very year of the Restoration,

Charles's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, and the same year there came to the same dark home Mary of Orange, and the next year the Queen of Bohemia, Prince Rupert's mother. Last of all came the worthless, witty, good-for-nothing king himself, who was buried obscurely at night at the east end of the north aisle, James being afraid to venture on a grand Catholic funeral.

But we must turn back to the monuments of the great nobles, generals, and statesmen who, from the heroic reign of Elizabeth, began to jostle the monarchs, and claim almost equal sepulchral rank with persons whom, in wisdom and in great deeds, they had so far surpassed. In Elizabeth's reign, John Baron Russell, second son of the second earl, has a monument, on which his learned widow has commemorated his virtues in Greek, Latin, and English. His daughter Elizabeth, also buried in the abbey, was a god-child of the queen, and a maid of honour. The figure on her monument has a finger pointing to a skull, which led to a verger's legend that she died from the prick of a needle, as a judgment for working on a Sunday. Worthy Sir Roger de Coverley was much interested in the fate of this "martyr to good housewifery."

The abbey also contains among its Elizabethan courtiers Sir Thomas Bromley, the Lord Chancellor who presided at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's cousin. The great Lord Burleigh erected here (in the chapel of St. Nicholas) a stately monument to his second wife and daughter, and others of the Cecils are quartered in various parts of the abbey. But the finest monument of this period is that of Sir Francis Vere, a brave commander in the Netherlands, who lies supported by four armed knights—a design imitated from the tomb of a Count of Nassau at Breda. Roubilliac, we are told, once stood watching the fourth knight for a long time, saying, "Hush! hush! he will speak presently." Those favourites of the queen, the Knollyses and the Norrises, have also both representatives in the abbey. Half the latter family died in battle.

The less worthy Court of James the First has fewer representatives, but the monuments of that period, nevertheless, include those of James's cousin, the Duke of Richmond, and in the vaults beneath lies his beautiful duchess of Charles the

Second's time, whose effigy in wax was clothed in the robes she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, whilst near it lay a parrot which had lived with the duchess forty years.

The reign of Charles brought more turbulent spirits. First, that dangerous favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, among them. When struck by Felton's knife, the proud duke, who, as Clarendon says, rather flew than rose to power, was buried by Charles among the kings in Henry the Seventh's chapel (north side, central aisle). In the chapel of St. Nicholas repose his father and his father's second wife. In St. Benedict's chapel is buried the Earl of Middlesex, a favourite of the favourite Buckingham, and by him ruined and disgraced.

Many Commonwealth heroes had temporary lodgings in the abbey. Pym was brought here in state by the two Houses and the Assembly of Divines. Then came the Earl of Essex, Cromwell's stolid rival; but while the effigy laid in state some rough Cavaliers stole in at night into the abbey, broke its head, slashed the buff coat, breeches, and boots, and took away the sword. Popham, admiral and general, followed; then Dorislaus the advocate at the queen's trial, who was assassinated by revengeful Cavaliers at the Hague; Strode, one of the celebrated "five members;" Cromwell's brave son-in-law, Ireton; the illustrious Blake; Constable, a regicide; and Bradshaw, the stern president at Charles's trial—all these were dug up at the Restoration, and buried in a pit at the back door of one of the prebendal houses in St. Margaret's churchyard. Five Puritans alone were left in the abbey; of these, three were Elizabeth Claypole (Cromwell's favourite daughter), the Earl of Essex, and Grace Scot, the wife of a beheaded regicide, and yet Cromwell had generously allowed the state funeral of Archbishop Usher in the abbey, and even paid for it out of his own pocket.

In Charles the Second's time the abbey received the bodies of some brave warriors by sea and land: Monk, Pepys's hero, the Earl of Sandwich, and the Duke of Ormond. Yet careless Charles forgot to erect any memorial for his defenders. Monk's effigy and armour, however, long remained one of the sights of the abbey, and his ducal cap, according to the Ingoldsby Legends, was used till quite our own day by the abbey showmen to collect fees. The great Clarendon came from his exile

to the same royal receptacle of good and evil. Many brave victims, too, of the tough Dutch war were brought to the abbey, and besides this little knot of heroes that poor harmless prodigal, "Tom of Ten Thousand," who was shot in his coach, in Pall Mall, by the servants of his rival, the Count Konigsmark. To these celebrities, small and great, we must add Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, the Protestant justice in the Strand, who was supposed by the fanatics of the time to have been murdered by the queen's Popish servants. Besides these we may mention Tom Chaffinch, a minister of Charles's pleasure, who died of the plague; the chivalrous Duke of Newcastle, and his fantastic one-stocking wife.

William of Orange was buried in the same vault as Charles the Second; he was interred probably at dead of night, and his grave is unmarked. William died in April, 1702; and in September, 1701, James, his gloomy rival, had been interred in the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris. The funeral of Mary, the bad daughter but good wife, was attended by the Houses of Parliament, the first time Lords and Commons had ever attended the funeral of a sovereign. The Tower cannon, we are told, boomed all through the ceremony. A robin was seen perching for days upon the queen's hearse in the abbey, and was regarded by the visitors with almost superstitious affection. Many of the celebrities of the new dynasty rest near her; among them Bentinck, the first Duke of Portland, and that wise minister, George Saville, Marquis of Halifax.

That fat and somewhat insipid leader of a glorious reign, Queen Anne, is usually regarded as childless, but seven of her children (all of whom died in their infancy) lie in the abbey vaults. She herself and her husband, George of Denmark, sleep in a vault that was then bricked up for ever, much to the indignation of old Samuel Wesley and other ardent Jacobites. After Dryden, who, as Dean Stanley tells us, was laid almost in the very grave of Chaucer, came a small fry of poets, among them John Phillips (*The Splendid Shilling*), a mere versifier, whose epitaph proclaims him second only to Milton. Sir Cloudsley Shovel (whose monument Addison thought so absurd) died in Anne's reign, and the abbey also boasts many of the heroes of Marlborough's battles.

In the reign of George the First, Atterbury buried Rowe in the abbey, and Pope wrote his epitaph. Then came to Eng-

land's Pantheon a greater than any since Dryden, the gentle-natured Addison. His honoured body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and Atterbury read the funeral service with solemn energy. For three generations "the unsullied statesman, the consummate painter of life and manners, the satirist who never wounded," remained without even a simple tablet. In the same reign Prior, that gayest of singers, was buried in the south transept; the bust was a present from Louis the Fourteenth, who had known the careless epicurean singer when he was our ambassador to Paris. In this reign, too, was buried, with almost royal pomp, the great Duke of Marlborough, at whose funeral Pope and Atterbury were present. The body of the great general was afterwards removed to Blenheim; and, last of all, we may mention the poet-Duke of Buckingham, who had in his youth been the accepted lover of Anne, and who married a natural daughter of James the First.

In George the Second's reign two private London citizens erected monuments to Milton and Butler, and Pope ridiculed the vanity of the two ostentatious men. Then, in 1729, died Congreve, who received a sumptuous funeral. Good-natured, careless Gay was the next to join the sacred brotherhood. He was interred, says worthy Arbuthnot, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the Duke of Queensberry, his kind patron, Pope, and Chesterfield, were present at his funeral. By his own request was cut the pagan epitaph:

Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought it once and now I know it.

The monument of John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, with its pompous statues of History and Eloquence (the latter much admired by Canova), deserves a word not from Pope's praise of the man,

The state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,

or Thomson's praise, but as that of the kindly statesman who granted Jeanie Deans the pardon of her sister. To this reign, too, belongs the statue erected to his mother by Horace Walpole. It was copied from the statue of Modesty at Rome.

The last king taken to the abbey was George the Second. He directed that he should be buried in "a large stone sarcophagus with his beloved wife Caroline, and the two side planks of the coffin to be removed, so that their dust might mingle." Horace Walpole was present at his funeral, and watched "the chiaro-oscuro with a cynical diletante eye." He describes the

Duke of Cumberland paralysed and half dead, and the absurd Duke of Newcastle, full of curiosity, crying hysterically, and being recovered by the archbishop's zealous smelling-bottle. In the abbey lie many others of the House of Hanover. Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George the Third, and his wife Augusta, his two sisters, Caroline and Amelia, the Duke of York, and the graceless Duke of Cumberland. The two youngest children of George the Third, Alfred and Octavius, were at first buried near George the Second, but afterwards removed to Windsor.

In 1764, the veteran statesman Pulteney was buried by night in St. John's chapel. A mob broke in, and gentlemen standing on the tomb of Edward the First, broke down the wooden canopy, and with portions of it and with their swords defended the steps leading to the Confessor's chapel. To the generals of the '45 rebellion, like Grant and Wade, now came a fresh crop of heroes: Admirals Saumarez, Wager, and Vernon; then those strenuous conquerors of the East, Eyre Coote and Watson; Wolfe, the hero of Quebec; then Captain Starr, in Howe's great victory, and three captains of Rodney. The great disaster of the Royal George is commemorated by a tablet to Kempenfelt, in the chapel of St. John. That unsatisfactory General Burgoyne lies without graven record in the north cloister, and in the nave rests unlucky Major André, whose head on the bas-relief the Westminster boys have often carried away. Later still we have our Indian wars represented by the graves of those brave saviours of our Indian empire, the rivals Outram and Clyde.

Nor must the later statesmen be forgotten. They lie in the north transept, in mute parliament, as the poets do in the south. Foremost, among them is the great Earl of Chatham—that true patriot "of the old rock," who was buried with regal pomp, Burke, among others, holding the pall—and in the same vault lies Pitt. Near Lord Mansfield, idolised by his friend Pope, stands the statue of Sir William Follett. Near Pitt is buried his great rival Fox:

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.

In the same portion of the abbey rest Lord Holland, Tierney, Mackintosh, and Grattan, all illustrious names. There, after their labours, in goodly company they rest:

Malice domestic, foreign levy,
Nothing can touch them further.

Terrible lessons statesmen may gather during a thoughtful walk in these solemn cathedral aisles. Between Pitt and Fox lies the hated Castlereagh, before whose hearse the great multitude shouted with cruel joy, and opposite Pitt lies Canning, who was driven to his grave by party spite. Sir Robert Peel has a statue here, and near his first patron lies Palmerston, the survivor of many dynasties. Among the Indian statesmen are Sir John Malcolm, Sir Stamford Raffles, and Warren Hastings.

But no room is left us to more than briefly sum up the philanthropists, divines, men of letters and science, and actors, to whom the abbey has afforded sepulchre or memorial. Among the philanthropists we have Jonas Hanway, Wilberforce, and Powell Buxton. Among the philosophers, Horner, Cornewall Lewis, and Cobden. Among the great divines, that theological giant, Isaac Barrow, South and Horneek, Atterbury and Watts. Among the men of letters are Goldsmith, Johnson (near his enemy Macpherson), Cumberland and Sheridan, who ridiculed him, Anstey and Campbell (Southey and Keble, tablets), Macaulay, Thackeray, and now also, alas! Dickens and Bulwer. Among the actors are Mrs. Oldfield, whose vanity Pope satirised, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Cibber, the great Betterton, Booth, Spranger Barry, Foote, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Kemble. Among musicians, Lawes (Milton's friend), Purcell, Blow, Croft, and Handel. The architects so royally honoured are Wyatt, Chambers, and Barry. The men of science are Newton, Watt (with an inscription by Brougham), Telford, Robert Stephenson, Locke, and Brunel.

The quaintest account of the state of the abbey and all its abuses in the last century is contained in Smith's Life of Nollekens, the sculptor. The following conversation of the shrewd old miser with one of the vergers is thus given verbatim by his disappointed executor, Mr. Smith:

Mr. Nollekens, during the time his men were moulding parts of monuments in Westminster Abbey, had the following conversation with the late Mr. John Catling, the verger, to the great amusement of Smith's father, who was also present.

Mr. Nollekens: Why, Mr. Catling, you seem to be as fond of the abbey as I am of my models by Michael Angelo. My man Finny tells me you were born in it?

Mr. Catling: No, not in the abbey; I was born in the tower, on the right hand, just before you enter into the little cloisters.

Nollekens: Oh! I know; there's some steps to go up, and a wooden rail to hold by. Now, I wonder you don't lose that silver thing you carry before the dean when you are going through the cloisters. Pray, why do you suffer the schoolboys to chalk the stones all over? I have been spelling pudding, grease, lard, butter, kitchen-stuff, and I don't know what all.

Catling: Why, thereby hangs a tale. Do you know that the dean married a woman?

Nollekens: Well, so he ought; the clergy are allowed to marry now-a-days. It is not as it was formerly. You know I have been in Rome, and know enough about their customs.

Here Mr. Catling gave Mr. Nollekens an admonitory pinch upon the elbow, for at that moment the bishop was passing through Poet's Corner from the deanery, on his way to the House of Lords.

Nollekens: What does he carry that blue bag with him for?

Catling: It contains his papers upon the business of the day.

Nollekens: Oh! Now you talk of papers, Mrs. Nollekens bid me to ask you where Ashburnham House is, that held the Cotton paper, I think it was?

Catling: Your good lady means the Cottonian Manuscripts. Sir, it is in Little Dean's Yard, on the north side; it has a stone entrance, designed by Inigo Jones, and is now inhabited by Doctor Bell, who was chaplain to the Princess Amelia.

Nollekens: Oh! I know; he was robbed by Sixteen-string Jack in Gunnersbury-lane; thank ye. And she wants to know what you've done with the wooden figures, with wax masks, and all in silk tatters, that the Westminster boys called the Ragged Regiment. She says they were always carried before the corpse formerly.

Catling: Why, we had them all out the other day for John Carter and young Smith to draw from; they are put up in those very narrow closets, between our wax figures of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Chatham in his robes, in Bishop Islip's chapel.

Nollekens: What, where the poll-parrot is? I wonder you keep such stuff. Why, at Antwerp, where my father was born, they put such things in silks outside in the streets. I don't mind going to Mrs. Salmon's wax-work in Fleet-street, where Mother Shipton gives you a kick as you are going out. Oh, dear, you should not have such rubbish in the abbey; and then for you to take money for this foolish thing

and that foolish thing, so that nobody can come in to see the fine works of art without being bothered with Queen Catherine's bones, the Spanish ambassador's coffin, the lady who died by pricking her finger, and that nasty cap of General Monk's you beg of people to put money into, just like the money-box that I recollect they used to let down from the Gate House. You had better tell Mr. Dean to see that the monuments don't want dusting, and to look after the Westminster boys, and not let them break the ornaments off to play at sounce with in the cloisters. Now at Rome, and all other churches abroad, a man may go in and draw, but here he must write, and wait, and be brought up like a criminal before the dean. Why, do you know, I have been told that Stothard, one of our academicians, had a great deal of trouble with the man, and then he talked about the proper fees! Bless my heart! it's very bad.

Catling: My good sir, you are very severe with us this morning. Let me ask you what would become of the gentlemen of the choir, and myself, as well as the dean, if we did not take money?

Nollekens: What's become of that curious old picture that used to hang, when I was a boy, next to the pulpit?

Catling: You mean Richard the Second in his robes; that is now put up in the Jerusalem Chamber in the deanery. I have a print of it by Carter.

Nollekens: My mother had one by Vertue. She was acquainted with him, and at that time he lived in Brownlow-street, Drury-lane.

There is no doubt that, on the whole, more worthy than unworthy men have been buried in the abbey. Nevertheless, in the tasteless eighteenth century much paganism and vanity crept in, and many of the tombs are decidedly unfit for a Christian church. Forgotten nobleman, fifth-rate poets, pompous nobodies, have stolen into our national Pantheon among the wise, the good, and the great. The abbey has grown a lumber room of defaced marble and fantastic allegorical images. The time must come when the overcrowded Pantheon must be cleared to make room for more illustrious dead. Then we may hope to see all the paltry medallions of obscure nonentities packed away to the cloisters and there affixed to the walls, with all due respect, but in comparative obscurity. Such immortality, the highest honour a nation

can give, was never intended for generals who never won anything; bishops, chiefly celebrated as servile courtiers; scholars who wasted their learning on trifles; poets who wrote only complimentary verses; and noblemen who merely wore their coronets with a certain empty dignity.

THE LEGEND OF SEAMER WATER.

(WENSLEYDALE.)

At the base of mighty Addlebro' fair glimmers Seamer Water,
Where the dales send many a stalwart son, and many a soft-eyed daughter,
To linger 'neath the larches, and watch the bright becks leap,
From Raydale, and from Bardale, to their home in Seamer deep.

From the crest of mighty Addlebro', out-stretching far away,
The pilgrim sees through Seamerdale, the Bain's bright wavelets play;
At the top of mighty Addlebro' the massive cairn still stands,
For the cists that lie on Stone Raise were framed by Roman hands.

Deep in the heart of Wensleydale fair Seamer Water lies,
Where the lark springs up to carol in the pale blue northern skies,
Where the trout and bream are leaping, where the silvery willows quiver,
Where long-haired birches wave their locks, when June's soft breezes shiver.

And yet eight hundred years ago, ere ever Conan gave
The meadow lands where Byland monks built Jervaulx' stately nave,
The traveller scaling Addlebro' gazed from the summit there,
On towers, and streets, and guarded walls, that girt a city fair.

One summer eve the sinking sun shone full on Whitfell Foss,
As an aged man strove wearily the brawling stream to cross,
As through romantic Cragdale he tottered feebly on,
And sought for rest and welcome from hearts that gave him none.

At priestly door, at serf's low hut, at baron's lordly hall,
He prayed for food and shelter, and prayed in vain from all,
Till old, and worn, and lonely, the cruel streets he left,
And crawled into a lonely cot hid in the mountain's cleft.

"For the sake of Christ I pray you, for charity," he said.
The peasant brought his cup of milk, he brought his crust of bread,
And shared his scanty pittance with the wanderer who came
To ask for human mercy in the God of mercy's name.

The old man ate and drank, and lo his form and aspect seemed
To change before the peasant's eyes, as unto one who dreamed;
Right royally he trod the floor, right royally he spoke.
"My blessing on the homestead where the bread of life I broke."

Out on the steep hill-side he slept, he raised his staff on high,
 He shook it where the sleeping town lay 'neath the evening sky,
 "I call thee, Seamer Water, rise fast, rise deep, rise free,
 'Whelm all, except the little house that warmed and sheltered me!"

And fast rose Seamer Water in answer to his word.
 From beck, and foss, and tribute stream, the floods obedient poured,
 And as the air seemed booming with a mighty funeral knell,
 'Mid shriek, and shout, and frantic prayer, to earth the peasant fell.

And when at sunrise, painfully, he roused him from his swoon,
 His cot stood safe, and from his side his awful guest had gone;
 But where at eve the city proud stood busy, strong, and gay,
 Fair Seamer Water glittered to hail the wakening day.

It is eight hundred years ago, and legends dim and fade,
 But still, men say, at Hallowe'en, beneath the larches' shade,
 Whoso in Seamer Water, at sunset gazes down,
 Sees tower, and street, and battlement—the shadow of the town.

A LUNATIC BALL.

ONE half of the world believes the other half to be mad; and who shall decide which moiety is right, the reputed lunatics or the supposed sane, since neither party can be unprejudiced in the matter? At present the minority believe that it is a mere matter of numbers, and that if intellect carried the day, and right were not overborne by might, the position of parties would be exactly reversed. The dilemma forced itself strongly on my consciousness for a solution when I attended the annual ball at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. The prevailing opinion inside the walls was that the majority of madmen lay outside, and that the most hopelessly insane people in all the world were the officers immediately concerned in the management of the establishment itself.

It was a damp, muggy January evening when I journeyed to this suburban retreat. It rained dismally, and the wind nearly blew the porter out of his lodge as he obeyed our summons at the Dantesque portal of the institution, in passing behind which so many had literally abandoned hope. I tried to fancy how it would feel if one were really being consigned to that receptacle by interested relatives, as we read in three-volume novels; but it was no use. I was one of a merry company on that occasion. The officials of Hanwell Asylum had been a little shy of being handed down to fame; so I adopted the

ruse of getting into Herr Gustav Küster's corps of fiddlers for the occasion. However, I must in fairness add that the committee during the evening withdrew the taboo they had formerly placed on my writing. I was free to immortalise them; and my fiddling was thenceforth a work of supererogation.

High jinks commenced at the early hour of six; and long before that time we had deposited our instruments in the Bazaar, as the ball-room is somewhat incongruously called, and were threading the Dædalean mazes of the wards. Life in the wards struck me as being very like living in a passage; but when that preliminary objection was got over, the long corridors looked comfortable enough. They were painted in bright warm colours, and a correspondingly genial temperature was secured by hot-water pipes running the entire length. Comfortable rooms opened out from the wards at frequent intervals, and there was every form of amusement to beguile the otherwise irksome leisure of those temporary recluses. Most of my hermits were smoking—I mean on the male side—many were reading; one had a fiddle, and I scraped acquaintance immediately with him; whilst another was seated as the door of his snug little bedroom getting up cadenzas on the flute. He was an old trombone-player in one of the household regiments, an inmate of Hanwell for thirty years, and a fellow-bandsman with myself for the evening. He looked, I thought, quite as sane as myself, and played magnificently; but I was informed by the possibly prejudiced officials that he had his occasional weaknesses. A second member of Herr Küster's band whom I found in durance was a clarinet-player, formerly in the band of the Second Life Guards; and this poor fellow, who was an excellent musician too, felt his position acutely. He apologised sotto voce for sitting down with me in corduroys, as well as for being an "imbecile." He did not seem to question the justice of the verdict against him, and had not become acclimatised to the atmosphere like the old trombone-player.

That New Year's night—for January was very young—the wards, especially on the women's side, were gaily decorated with paper flowers, and all looked as cheerful and happy as though no shadow ever fell across the threshold; but, alas, there were every now and then padded rooms opening out of the passage; and as this was not a refractory ward, I asked the meaning of the arrangement, which I had fancied was

an obsolete one. I was told they were for epileptic patients. In virtue of his official position as bandmaster, Herr Küster had a key; and, after walking serenely into a passage precisely like the rest, informed me, with the utmost coolness, that I was in the refractory ward. I looked around for the stalwart attendant, who is generally to be seen on duty, and to my dismay found he was quite at the other end of an exceedingly long corridor. I do not know that I am particularly nervous; but I candidly confess to an anxiety to get near that worthy official. We were only three outsiders, and the company looked mischievous. One gentleman was walking violently up and down, turning up his coat-sleeves, as though bent on our instant demolition. Another, an old grey-bearded man, came up, and fiercely demanded if I were a freemason. I was afraid he might resent my saying I was not, when it happily occurred to me that the third in our party, an amateur contra-bassist, was of the craft. I told our old friend so. He demanded the sign, was satisfied, and, in the twinkling of an eye, our double-bass friend was struggling in his fraternal embrace. The warder, mistaking the character of the hug, hastened to the rescue, and I was at ease.

We then passed to the ball-room, where my musical friends were beginning to "tune up," and waiting for their conductor. The large room was gaily decorated, and filled with some three or four hundred patients, arranged Spurgeon-wise: the ladies on one side, and the gentlemen on the other. There was a somewhat rakish air about the gathering, due to the fact of the male portion not being in full dress, but arranged in free-and-easy costume of corduroys and felt boots. The frequent warders in their dark blue uniforms lent quite a military air to the scene; and on the ladies' side the costumes were more picturesque; some little latitude was given to feminine taste, and the result was that a large portion of the patients were gorgeous in pink gowns. One old lady, who claimed to be a scion of royalty, had a resplendent mob-cap; but the belles of the ball-room were decidedly to be found among the female attendants, who were bright, fresh-looking young women, in a neat, black uniform, with perky little caps, and bunches of keys hanging at their side like the rosary of a *scour de charité*, or the *chatelaines* with which young ladies used to adorn themselves some seasons ago. Files of patients kept streaming into the already crowded

room, and one gentleman, reversing the order assigned to him by nature, walked gravely in on the palms of his hands, with his legs elevated in air. He had been a clown at a theatre, and still retained some of the proclivities of the boards. A wizened-faced man, who seemed to have no name beyond the conventional one of "Billy," strutted in with huge paper collars, like the corner man in a nigger troupe, and a tin decoration on his breast the size of a cheeseplate. He was insensible to the charms of Terpsichore, except in the shape of an occasional *pas seul*, and laboured under the idea that his mission was to conduct the band, which he occasionally did, to the discomfiture of Herr Küster, and the total destruction of gravity on the part of the executants, so that Billy had to be displaced. It was quite curious to notice the effect of the music on some of the quieter patients. One or two, whose countenances really seemed to justify their incarceration, absolutely hugged the foot of my music-stand, and would not allow me to hold my instrument for a moment when I was not playing on it, so anxious were they to express their admiration of me as an artist. "I used to play that instrument afore I come here," said a patient, with a squeaky voice, who for eleven years has laboured under the idea that his mother is coming to see him on the morrow; indeed, most of the little group around the platform looked upon their temporary sojourn at Hanwell as the only impediment to a bright career in the musical world.

Proceedings commenced with the *Caledonians*, and it was marvellous to notice the order, not to say grace and refinement with which these pauper lunatics went through their parts in the "mazy." The rosy-faced attendants formed partners for the men, and I saw a herculean warder gallantly leading along the stout old lady in the mob-cap. The larger number of the patients of course were paired with their fellow-prisoners, and at the top of the room the officials danced with some of the swells. Yes, there were swells here, ball-room coxcombs in fustian and felt. One in particular was pointed out to me as an University graduate of high family, and on my inquiring how such a man became an inmate of a pauper asylum the official said, "You see, sir, when the mind goes the income often goes too, and the people become virtually paupers." Insanity is a great leveller, true; but I could not help picturing that man's lucid intervals, and wondering whether his friends might not

do better for him. But there he is, pirouetting away with the pretty female organist, the chaplain standing by and smiling approval, and the young doctors doing the polite to a few invited guests, but not disdaining, every now and then, to take a turn with a patient. Quadrilles and Lancers follow, but no "round dances." A popular prejudice on the part of the majority sets down such dances as too exciting for the sensitive dancers. The graduate is excessively irate at this, and rates the band soundly for not playing a valse. Galops are played, but not danced; a complicated movement termed a "Circassian circle" being substituted in their place. "Three hours of square dances are really too absurd," said the graduate to an innocent second fiddle.

In the centre of the room all was gravity and decorum, but the merriest dances went on in corners. An Irish quadrille was played, and an unmistakable Paddy regaled himself with a most beautiful jig. He got on by himself for a figure or two, when, remembering, no doubt, that "happiness was born a twin," he dived into the throng, selected a white-headed old friend of some sixty years, and impressed him with the idea of a *pas de deux*. There they kept it up in a corner for the whole of the quadrille, twirling imaginary shillelagns, and encouraging one another with that expressive Irish interjection, which it is so impossible to put down on paper. For an hour all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell, and then there was an adjournment of the male portion of the company to supper. The ladies remained in the Bazaar and discussed oranges, with an occasional dance to the pianoforte, as the band retired for refreshment too, in one of the attendants' rooms. I followed the company to their supper room, as I had come to see, not to eat. About four hundred sat down in a large apartment, and there were, besides, sundry snug supper-parties in smaller rooms. Each guest partook of an excellent repast of meat and vegetables, with a sufficiency of beer and pipes to follow. The chaplain said a short grace before supper, and a patient, who must have been a retired Methodist preacher, improved upon the brief benediction by a long rambling "asking of a blessing," to which nobody paid any attention. Then I passed up and down the long rows with a courteous official, who gave me little snatches of the history of some of the patients. Here was an actor of some note in his day; there a barrister; here again a clergyman; here a

tradesman recently "gone," "all through the strikes, sir," he added. The shadow—that most mysterious shadow of all—had chequered life's sunshine in every one of these cases. Being as they are they could not be in a better place. They have the best advice they could get even were they—as some of them claim to be—princes. If they can be cured, here is their best chance. If not—well, there were the little dead-house and the quiet cemetery lying out in the moonlight, and waiting for them when, as poor maddened Edgar Allen Poe wrote, the "fever called living," should be "over at last." But who talks of dying on this one night in all the year when even that old freemason in the refractory ward was forgetting, after his own peculiar fashion, the cruel injustice that kept him out of his twelve thousand a year and title? Universal merriment is the rule to-night. Six or seven gentlemen are on their legs at once making speeches, which are listened to about as respectfully as the "toast of the evening" at a public dinner. As many more are singing inharmoniously different songs; the fun is getting fast and furious, perhaps a little too fast and furious, when a readjournment to the ball-room is proposed, and readily acceded to, one hoary-headed old flirt remarking to me as he went by, that he was going to look for his sweetheart.

A long series of square dances followed, the graduate waxing more and more fierce at each disappointment in his anticipated valse, and Billy giving out every change in the programme like a parish clerk, which functionary he resembled in many respects. It was universally agreed that this was the best party that had ever been held in the asylum, just as the last baby is always the finest in the family. Certainly the guests all enjoyed themselves. The stalwart attendants danced more than ever with a will, the rosy attendants were rosier and nattier than before, if possible. Official reserve died out of the grandiose matron, and the young doctors hopped and skipped about as though they were medical students at Highbury Barn again. The mob-cap went whizzing about on the regal head of its owner down the middle of tremendous country dances, hands across, set to partners, and then down again as though it had never tasted the anxieties of a throne, or learnt by bitter experience the sorrows of exile. Even the academical gentleman relaxed to the fair organist, though he stuck up his hair stiffer than ever, and stamped his felt boots again as he passed the unoffending double-bass with curses

both loud and deep on the subject of square dances. At length came the inevitable God Save the Queen, which was played in one key by the orchestra, and sung in a great many different ones by the guests. It is no disrespect to Her Majesty to say that the National Anthem was received with anything but satisfaction. It was the signal that the "jinks" were over, and that was quite enough to make it unpopular. However, they sang lustily and with a good courage, all except the old woman in the mob-cap, who sat with a complacent smile as much as to say, "This is as it should be, I appreciate the honour done to my royal brothers and sisters."

This is the light side of the picture; but it had its sombre tints also. There were those in all the wards who stood aloof from the merriment, and would have none of the jinks. Lean-visaged men walked moodily up and down the passages like caged wild beasts. Their lucid interval was upon them, and they fretted at the irksome restraint and degrading companionship. It was a strange thought; but I fancied they must have longed for their mad fit as the drunkard longs for the intoxicating draught, or the opium-eater for his delicious narcotic to drown the idea of the present. There were those in the ball-room itself who, if you approached them with the proffered pinch of snuff, drove you from them with curses. One fine, intellectual man, sat by the window all the evening, writing rhapsodies of the most extraordinary character, and fancying himself a poet. Another wrapped round a thin piece of lath with paper, and super-scribed it with some strange hieroglyphics, begging me to deliver it. All made arrangements for their speedy departure from Hanwell, though many in that heart-sick tone which spoke of long-deferred hope—hope never perhaps to be realised. Most painful sight of all, there was one little girl there, a child of eleven or twelve years—a child in a lunatic asylum! Think of that, parents, when you listen to the engaging nonsense of your little ones—think of the child in Hanwell wards! Remember how narrow a line separates innocence from idiotcy; so narrow a line that the words were once synonymous!

Then there was the infirmary full of occupants on that merry New Year's night. Yonder poor patient being wheeled in a chair to bed will not trouble his attendant long. There is another being lifted on his pallet-bed, and having a cup of cooling

drink applied to his parched lips by the great loving hands of a warder who tends him as gently as a woman. It seemed almost a cruel kindness to be trying to keep that poor body and soul together.

Another hour, rapidly passed in the liberal hospitality of this great institution, and silence had fallen on its congregated thousands. It is a small town in itself, and to a large extent self-dependent and self-governed. It bakes and brews, and makes its gas; and there is no need of a Licensing Bill to keep its inhabitants sober and steady. The method of doing that has been discovered in nature's own law of kindness. Instead of being chained and treated as wild beasts, the lunatics are treated as unfortunate men and women, and every effort is made to ameliorate, both physically and morally, their sad condition. Hence the bright wards, the buxom attendants, the frequent jinks. Even the chapel-service has been brightened up for their behoof.

This was what I saw by entering, as an amateur fiddler, Herr Küster's band at Hanwell Asylum; and as I ran to catch the last up-train—which I did as the saying is by the skin of my teeth—I felt that I was a wiser, though it may be a sadder man, for my evening's experiences at the Lunatic Ball.

One question would keep recurring to my mind. It has been said that if you stop your ears in a ball-room, and then look at the people—reputed sane—skipping about in the new waltz or the last galop, you will imagine they must be all lunatics. I did not stop my ears that night, but I opened my eyes and saw hundreds of my fellow-creatures, all with some strange delusions, many with ferocious and vicious propensities, yet all kept in order by a few warders, a handful of girls, and all behaving as decorously as in a real ball-room. And the question which *would* haunt me all the way home was, which are the sane people, and which the lunatics?

AN AUSTRALIAN MINING TOWNSHIP.

QUARTZBOROUGH, or, as it is called in the vernacular, Grumbler's Gully, is situated about twelve miles from Bullockstown. There are various ways of approaching Grumbler's Gully. If you happen to be a commercial traveller, for instance, and temporary owner of a buggy and trot-

ting mare, you would most likely take a tour by way of Killarney, Jerusalem, Kenilworth, Blair Athole, Petersburg, Maitootora, Lucky Woman's, and Rowdy Flat, thus swooping upon Grumbler's Gully by way of Breakyleg, Bangatoora, and Bullockstown. If you were a squatter residing at Glengelder, The Rocks, or Crowhurst, you would ride across the Lonely Plains, down by Melancholy Swamp, and Murderer's Flat, until you reach Jack-a-dandy, where, as every one knows, the track forks to Barnestaple and St. Omer. If you were a Ballarat sharebroker, and wanted to have a look at the reefs on the road, you could turn off at Shady Cliff, and making for old Moke's, borrow a horse and ride on to the Hanging Rock, midway between Kooroot and Jefferson's Lead; this course taking you into the heart of the reefing country, you could jog easily from Salted Claim to Bally-rafferty, Dufferstown, and Moonlight Reefs, calling at the Great Eastern, and entering Grumbler's Gully from the north by way of the Good-morning-Bob Ranges, and Schwillfestaustein.

The first impression of Grumbler's Gully is, I confess, not a charming one. I think it was Mr. Caxton who replied, when asked what he thought of his new-born infant, "It is very red, ma'am." The same remark would apply to Grumbler's Gully. It is very red. Long before you get to it you are covered with dust that looks and feels like finely-powdered bricks. The haggard gum-trees by the road-side are covered with this red powder. The white near-leader seems stained with bloody sweat, and the slices of bank, that, as you approach the town, fringe the track, look as though they were lumps of red putty drying and crumbling in the sun. On turning the corner, Grumbler's Gully is below you—a long, straggling street, under a red hill that overlooks a red expanse of mud, flecked with pools of red water, and bristling with mounds, shaft-sheds, and wooden engine-houses. The sun is sinking behind yonder mighty range, under whose brow stretches that belt of scrub and marsh and crag that meets the smaller wilderness, and minor mountains rise up all around us. Grumbler's Gully is shaped like a shoe with a lump in the middle of it, or rather, perhaps, like one of those cock-boats that children make with folded paper. It is a ridge of quartz, rising in the midst of a long valley surrounded by mountains.

The place is undermined with "sink-

ings," and the inhabitants burrow like moles beneath the surface of the earth. It is no disgrace in Grumbler's Gully to wear moleskin trousers stained with the everlasting red clay. There is, indeed, a legend afloat there, to the effect that a leading townsman presided at a public dinner in those garments, and was not a whit less respectable than usual. Soon after getting into the bar of Bilberry's Golden Tribute Hotel, you discover that the well-dressed and intelligent gentleman who, in the whitest of shirt-sleeves, hands you a bottle of "Otard" (the brand then in fashion on the gully), and bids you help yourself, is a shareholder in a rich claim, and could buy and sell you over again if he liked, without inconvenience. In drinking the said "Otard" you become conscious of a thumping vibration going on somewhere, as if a giant with accelerated action of the heart were imprisoned under the flooring; and getting out into the back yard, where Mr. Merryjingle's pair-horse buggy is waiting for Mr. Merryjingle to finish his twentieth last glass, you see a big red mound rising above the stable, and know that the engine is pumping night and day in the Golden Tribute Reef.

But all the hotel-keepers of Grumbler's Gully are not so elegant as Mr. Bilberry. There is Polwheal, for example, the gigantic Cornishman, who lives in the big red building opposite the court-house. Polwheal considers his hotel a better one than the Golden Tribute, and swears largely when visitors of note stop at Bilberry's. For Polwheal's hotel is of brick, and being built in the "good old times," cost something like a shilling a brick to erect; whereas Bilberry's is but a wooden structure, and not very substantial at that. The inmate of Bilberry's can hear his right-hand neighbour clean his teeth, and can trace the various stages of his left-hand neighbour going to bed—commencing with the scratching of a safety match, and ending with the clatter of hastily deposited boots. When the county-court sits at Grumbler's Gully, and the barristers put up there, it is notorious that Bilberry is driven politely frantic by his efforts to put Mr. Mountain, who snores with a sound like the peculiar noise made by a circular saw, in some room where his slumbers will not be the cause of wakefulness in others. It is even reported that a distinguished barrister, after in vain plugging his ears with cotton wool, was compelled one sultry night to take

his blankets and "coil" on the wood heap, in order to escape from the roaring of Mr. Mountain's fitful diapason. I, myself, tossing in agony three rooms off, have been enabled to accurately follow the breathing of that worthy man, and to trace how the grunt swells into a rumble, the rumble reaches a harsh grating sound, which broadens into the circular-saw movement until glasses ring, roofs shake, and the listener, convinced that in another instant Mountain must either suffocate or burst, hears with relief the terrific blast soften to a strangled whistle, and finally die away in a soothing murmur full of deceitful promises of silence. Now at Polwheal's you have none of this annoyance, but then Polwheal's liquor is not so good as Bilberry's, nor is his table so well provided. How often, with the thermometer at a hundred, have I shuddered at a smoking red lump of boiled beef, with Polwheal in a violent perspiration looming above it in a cloud of greasy steam! But Polwheal has his patrons, and many a jorum of whisky-hot has been consumed in that big parlour, where the Quartzborough Chronicle of the week before last lies perpetually on the table. Then there is Cock-eyed Harry's, where the "boys" dance, and where a young lady, known to fame as the Chestnut Filly, was wont to dispense the wine-cup. Also, there was the establishment presided over by Mr. Corkison, commonly called Boss Corkison, who dressed elaborately in what he imagined to be the height of Melbourne fashion, owned half the Antelope Reef, and couldn't write his own name. Boss was an ingenious fellow, however, and wishing to draw a cheque, would say to any respectable stranger, "Morning, sir! A warm day! Have a drink, sir! Me name's Corkison! John, a little hard stuff! Me hand shakes, sir. Up last night with a few roaring dogs drinking hot whisky. Hot whisky is the very devil, sir!" Upon the stranger drinking—and strangers were not often backward in accepting hospitality—Boss would pull from his fashionable coat-pocket a fat cheque-book, and would insinuatingly say, "Sir, I will be obliged if you will draw a chick for me" (he always spoke of "chick as") "for ten pounds, sir. Jeremiah Corkison: I will touch the pen. Sir, I am obliged to you." If the stranger was deceived by this subterfuge, Boss would waylay him for days, with the "chicks," getting bigger and bigger, and his hand shakier and more shaky.

Amongst the minor houses I may men-

tion Tom Tuff's store, where one drank Hennessy in tin pots, and played loo in the back parlour; and the great Irish house, where you got nothing but Irish whisky and patriotism. I have no time to do more than allude to the Morning Star, Reefer's Joy, the Rough and Ready, or the twenty other places of resort.

Leaving hotels for awhile, let us walk down Main-street. Society in Grumbler's Gully is very mixed. I suppose that the rich squatters who live round about consider themselves at the top of the tree; while the resident police magistrate, the resident barrister, the Church of England clergyman, the Roman Catholic priest, and the managers of the banks, sit on the big limbs, leaving the solicitors, rich store-keepers, and owners of claims to roost on the lower branches, and the working miners, &c., to creep into the holes in the bare ground. Of course, the place is eaten up with scandal, and saturated with petty jealousy. The Church of England clergyman will not speak to the Roman Catholic priest, and both have sworn eternal enmity to the Presbyterian minister. The wife of the resident magistrate is at feud with the wife of the resident barrister, and the wives of the bank managers don't recognise the wives of the solicitors. If you call on Mrs. Kirkincroft, she will tell you—after you have heard how difficult it is to get servants, and that there had been no water in the tank for two days—that sad story of Mrs. Partridge and Mr. Quail from Melbourne, and how Mr. Partridge threw a glass of brandy-and-water over Mrs. Partridge, and how Mr. Quail went into Mr. Pounce's office and cried like a child, with his head on a bundle of mining leases. If you call on Mrs. Pontifex she will inform you—after you have heard that there has been no water in the tank for two days, and how difficult it is to get servants—that Mrs. Kirkincroft's papa was a butcher at Rowdy Flat, and that Mr. Kirkincroft himself made his money by keeping a public-house on the road to Bendigo. Mrs. Partridge has a very pretty history of Mrs. Pontifex's aunt, who came out in the same ship with Mr. Partridge's cousin, and who was quite notorious for her flirtations during the voyage; and Mrs. Partridge, who is a vicious, thin-lipped, little dark woman, pronounces the word "flirtation" as if it included everything that was bad. You learn how Tom Twotooth ran away with Bessy Brokenmouth, and how old Brokenmouth took his horse, Alexander the Great,

out of the stables in the middle of the night and galloped after them to the Great Eastern, only to find the floods out below Proud's Ferry, and the roads impassable. You hear how Jack Bragford lost over a hundred pounds to Doctor Splint, and how Jack drew a bill which was duly dishonoured, thereby compelling poor Sugman Sotomayordesoto, the wine and spirit merchant (who is as generous as becomes a man in whose veins runs the blood of Old Castile), to impoverish himself in order to pay the money. There are current in Grumbler's Gully marvellous scandals respecting the parson, the priest, and the police magistrate—scandals which, though they are obviously lies, are nevertheless eagerly credited by dwellers round about. There are strong-flavoured stories—old jokes such as our grandfathers chuckled at—told concerning the publicans, the miners, and the borough councillors; and a resident of Grumbler's Gully would be quite indignant if you hinted to him that you had "heard that story before."

But to come back to Main-street. Its architecture is decidedly irregular. A bank shoulders a public-house, a wooden shanty nestles under the lee of a brick and iron store. Everything is desperately new. The bricks even look as if they had been but a few days baked, and the iron roof of the Grumbler's Gully Emporium and Quartzborough Magazin des Modes has not as yet lost its virgin whiteness. The red dust is everywhere. The white silk coat of Boss Corkison, looking for the stranger, is powdered with it; and the black hat, vest, trousers, and boots of Jabez Hick—Jabez P. Hick he insists on signing himself—are marked with red smudges. Mr. Hick is a very smart Yankee (there are one or two in Grumbler's Gully), and is the proprietor of the emporium. He has also a share in the General Washington United, and has been down to the dam this afternoon to look at the small amount of water which yet remains there. The dust lies thickly on the hood of Mr. Salthide's buggy, which stands at the door of Copperas the ironmonger, and ruins the latest Melbourne toilettes of Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Pontifex, who make believe to shop in Main-street daily from three to five. But the peculiarity of Main-street is, as we have said, its incongruous newness. Around are solemn purple hills, with their hidden mysteries of swamp and wilderness; and here, on the backbone of this quartz ridge, in the midst

of a dirty, dusty, unsightly mud-patch, punched with holes and disfigured with staring yellow mounds, are fifty or sixty straggling wooden, iron, and brick buildings, in which live people of all ranks of society, of all nations, of all opinions, but every one surrounded by his or her particular aureole of civilisation, and playing the latest music, drinking the fashionable brand of brandy, reading the latest novels, and taking the most lively interest in the Duke of Edinburgh, the Hospital Ball, the Prussian war, and the appalling fact that oysters in London are positively three shillings a dozen. A coach, blundering and rattling at the heels of four smoking horses, drops upon them twice a day from out the Bush, and the coachman delivers his mails, skims a local paper, has a liquor, tells the latest joke (made in Melbourne, perhaps, twenty-four hours before), and then blunders and rattles away again through the lonely gum-tree forest, until he drops upon just such another place, with just such another population, at the next quartz out-cropping, fifty miles away. Amidst all this there is no nationality; the Frenchman, German, and Englishman, all talk confidently about "going home;" and if by any chance some old man, with married daughters, thinks he will die in the colony, he never by any chance expresses a wish to leave his bones in the horribly matter-of-fact cemetery at Grumbler's Gully.

Close beside the hospital (a fine building, containing fifty beds, and supported by voluntary contributions) is the church, and over against the church is the chapel, and glaring viciously at both of them, in an underbred way, is a meeting-house. Religion, or rather difference of religion, is a noted feature in Grumbler's Gully. Formerly, the inhabitants might have been divided into two classes, teetotallers and whisky-hot men. There was a club called the Whisky-hot Club, at Polwheal's, each member of which was pledged to drink ten whiskies-hot per noctem, the qualification for membership being three certificated fits of delirium tremens; but of late these broad distinctions have been broken down, and the town now boasts five sects, each of which devoutly believes in the ultimate condemnation of the other four. There is a Band of Hope at Grumbler's Gully, likewise a Tent of Rechab. The last has fallen into some disrepute since it was discovered by a wandering analytical chemist that Binks Brothers,

who were affiliated Jonadabers in the third degree, and who supplied the camp with teetotal liquids, habitually put forty per cent of proof-spirit into the Hallelujah Cordial. There was quite a run upon Hallelujah for a few days after this discovery. The moving religious element, however, in Grumbler's Gully is a Mr. Jark. Jark was a cabinet-maker when yet in darkness, and did not get "called" until he had been twice insolvent. He went so near fraudulency the second time that it is supposed that his imminent danger converted him. Jark is a short, squab, yellow-faced, black-toothed, greasy-fingered fellow, with a tremendous power of adjective. When he prays he is very abusive to his fellow-creatures, and seems to find intense consolation in thinking everybody around him deceitful, wicked, and hard-hearted. To hear him denounce this miserable world, you would think that, did he suddenly discover that some people were very hopeful and happy in it, he would suffer intense pain. He travels about the country "preaching the word," which means, I am afraid, sponging on the squatters, and has written a diary, Jark's Diary, published by subscription, which sets forth his wanderings and adventures. Jark is a self-seeking, cunning dog, who is fit for nothing but the vocation he follows, namely, that of "entering widows' houses, and for a pretence making long prayers." Yet he has a large following, and crowds the chapel when he preaches. The result is, that all the rationalistic-thinking men in the township—and there are some half-dozen—disgusted with the hypocrisy and vulgarity of this untaught teacher, have come to consider all clergymen knaves and fools, and to despise all religion.

These enlightened persons hold meetings at the Morning Star Hotel, and settle the universe quite comfortably. They are especially great at such trifling subjects as The Cause of Poverty, Our Social Relations, The Origin of Species, Whence do We Come? Whither do We Go? and so on. Indeed, Grumbler's Gully was at one time denounced by the opposition (Barker's Flat) journal as having dangerous tendencies to pure Buddhism. The local journal, however, retorted with some ingenuity that the Barker's Flats were already far gone in the pernicious doctrines of Fo, and that it was well known that Hung Fat, the Chinese interpreter, held nightly séances in Barker's Flat in order to expound the teachings of Confucius.

A word about the local literature. The Grumbler's Gully Gazette is like all other country papers—whatever its editor chooses to make it. Local news is scarce. An inch of telegram, a borough council riot, and one or two police-court cases will not make a paper; and the leading article on the alluvial diggings, Mr. Tagrag's speech on the budget, Mr. Bobtail's proposition for levelling the Gipp's Land Ranges to fill up the Sandridge lagoon, or what not, once written, "cuttings" become things of necessity, and Daw, the editor, "cuts" remarkably well. Daw is a capital amateur actor, and a smart journalist. His leaders can be good if he likes to put his heart into his work, and every now and then a quaint original sketch or pathetic story gives Grumbler's Gully a fillip. Daw writes about four columns a day, and is paid two hundred and fifty pounds a year. His friends say he ought to be in Melbourne, but he is afraid to give up a certainty, so he stays on at the Gully, editing his paper and narrowing his mind, and yearning for some intellectual intercourse with his fellow-creatures. To those who have not lived in a mining township, the utter dullness of Daw's life is incomprehensible. There is a complete lack of anything like cultivated mental companionship, and the three or four intellects who are above the dead-level do their best to reduce their exuberant acuteness by excess of whisky and water. The club, the reading-room, the parliament, the audience that testifies approval and appreciation, are all found in one place—the public-house bar. To obtain a criticism or a suggestion, one is compelled to drink a nobbler of brandy. The life of an up-country editor is the life of Sisyphus, the higher up the hill he rolls his stone, with the more violence does it tumble back upon him. "You want an editor?" said a hopeful new chum to the lucky job-printer who owned the Blanket Flat Mercury; "I have the best testimonials, and have written largely for the English press." The man of advertisements scanned the proffered paper. "Clever! sober! industrious! My good sir, you won't do for me. I want a man as is blazing drunk half his time, and who can just knock off a smart thing when I tell him." "But who edits the paper then?" asked the applicant. "Who?" returned the proprietor, flourishing his scissors over his head in indignant astonishment, "why I does! All you'll have to do is to correct the spellin', and put in the personalties!"

It is remarkable that in this free colony, where everybody is so tremendously equal, the tyranny of cash is carried to a greater extent than in any other country on the face of the earth. Men come to Australia to get rich, and if they don't get rich they go to the wall. In Melbourne one can in a measure escape the offensive patronage of the uneducated wealthy; but in a mining township, where life is nothing but a daring speculation, the brutal force of money is triumphant.

But it is time to "have a drink"—the chief amusement of the place. If we cannot imitate these jolly dogs of reef owners, who start from Polwheal's at ten A.M., and drink their way to Bilberry's by two P.M., working back again to unlimited loo and whisky-hot by sundown, it is perhaps better for us; but we must at all events conform, in some degree, to the manners and customs of the place. And the jollity of Grumbler's Gully may be summed up in the two words, generally used to convey an invitation to drink, "What's yours?"

NOTES OR GOLD?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "FATAL ZERO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. "A LITTLE MUSIC."

On that evening "the Braham Nagles," as they were called collectively, were to attend at "a little music" given by the clergyman, who had asked Mr. Doughty to a little quiet dinner, with a few friends to come in the evening. As the Braham Nagles "lived with the rose," it was felt that their company would help to secure that flower itself, so coveted by all Brickford; and the clergyman and his family, presuming on the service they had rendered to Mr. Doughty in ejecting the old organist, determined to strike boldly for the prize on their own account. As we have seen, there was a little coolness between the brothers Gardiner since the day when Will Gardiner had begun to divine that his relation was making secret advances to the golden calf. So here was a new element in the competition. The clerical Gardiners were not so well off as the secular Gardiners, and this extravagance of the dinner was not quite warranted; but the heads of the family had agreed that "some exertion should be made for the children," and that if they were to strike at all, they must strike quickly.

As everything that took place in Brick-

ford circles became known to every one living there, this proceeding had excited much bitterness in the soul of Mrs. William Gardiner, a pushing, determined woman, not overcharged with delicacy, and who was supposed to have a great deal of the gift known as "management." She was one of those persons who, if there was a plain, disagreeable speech to be said, said it without scruple or compunction for the feelings of the person she addressed. For the parson's lady she had always infinite contempt, as for one she called "a poor creature;" and their bold bid for the favour of the golden calf seemed to her nothing but impertinence, and a very clumsy piece of impertinence too. However, as the two families were celebrated for their affection, and the brothers were considered the Damon and Pythias of Brickford, there was no apparent change in their relations, and Mr. and Mrs. William Gardiner attended in state the "little music" in the evening.

The dinner party consisted of Mr. Doughty, who seemed not at all well, Mr. and Miss Braham Nagle, the new Doctor Spooner, and another clergyman. It was a dreary, fussy entertainment: all "effort" on the part of the hosts, with none on the side of the guests. The clerical Gardiners, being modest in their aims, it will be seen, did not much care to interfere between the rich man and the Nagles, feeling powerless for any grand schemes of the kind, but were content to obtain such sort of jackal's share as could be got from the goodwill or generosity of either party. They had, besides, heartily accepted the new Brickford theory that all danger of anything taking place between Mr. Doughty and Corinna was now over.

Mr. Nagle was in his greatest vein, and recurred, now plaintively, now triumphantly, to his great master. He told new stories of Grimani, and explained that "it was hopeless now to look for style in the world," and that the "art of oiling the voice" was now confined to those few who had the tradition. "A few of us," he said, "can do it, but it will soon be utterly lost."

Doctor Spooner asked innocently: "And can you really oil the human voice?"

"Just as one would a cart-wheel," Mr. Nagle replied. "It works along the larynx, squeaking and grinding; you call in a professional person, who lubricates, and softens, and bends, and mollifies; and after a course, a suitable course," added Mr. Nagle, with emphasis—"six, twelve, or eighteen lessons, as required, or according to agree-

ment—the organ glides along the prepared channel without friction, creaking, or—hum—inconvenience.”

“How singular!” said the new doctor.

After the diners had gone up to the drawing-room, the evening guests began to arrive. There were many whispers as people saw Corinna sitting up as stately “as though she were enthroned;” and many private wonderings “where on earth young Duke was.” And among these wonderers, the most conspicuous was Mrs. William Gardiner. With a smiling sympathy that lady found her way to Corinna, and squeezing her hand again and again, began smiling and nodding with mysterious condolence.

“All going well?” she would say, with a fresh squeeze of congratulation. “I know it is. Dear, dear! My dear, how pale and ill you look. But you must promise me, dear, that you won’t be fretting yourself.” Then, very mysteriously, “Isn’t he here to-night?”

She was celebrated for this pleasant and welcome style of talk.

Corinna did not affect ignorance or wonder, nor was she put out. But she was too proud to accept such thrusts without return, and could not resist saying:

“Do you mean my father’s friend, Mr. Doughty? He is here.”

The lady tittered with a great deal of meaning. It was hard to put her down.

“Oh, I wouldn’t allude to that, dear. Indeed, I didn’t intend it.”

And here was that gentleman himself coming up with the other gentlemen, looking very pale and ill.

The musical family were presently called upon for their performance, and Mr. Nagle took his place at the instrument in very different style from that of the first evening on which he had the honour of being presented to the reader. He had a lofty critical air: there was no servile and confidential panegyric of the pianoforte. He sat down with an air of rough criticism, as though he were seating himself in the saddle on the back of a horse on whose merits he was to pronounce. “A bichord of the old pattern, Gardiner,” he said, looking over his shoulder. “Might be more lively in the ivory business. Wants rebuffing. Never mind. We must only put the spurs into him.” And so he did, and away he cantered his fingers over the “ivories,” his eyes closing as if in exquisite relish of the harmonies. The Broadwood of the yellow tusks was now in the garret, and spoken of as “that wretched old jingler.” Mr.

Nagle’s instrument was now virtually Mr. Doughty’s magnificent “iron grand,” at which he pounded away daily.

CHAPTER XXV. STARTLING NEWS.

CORINNA was called to “the bichord” to give one of her songs. She chose Meyerbeer’s touching *Ah! Mon Fils!*—whose long-drawn and pathetic wailing went to the hearts of all present. The light of her large eyes seemed to glisten through tears; while her rich voice trembled with a pathetic tenderness. Of course Mr. Nagle, with such an opportunity, became, as it were, rapt to his favourite “seven-and-twentieth heaven”—his face upturned, and his head thrown back, while he seemed to be scrutinising the angle of the cornice; his mouth forming all the notes, while his fingers strayed about the keys as if it were he, Nagle, after all, that was extracting this feeling, this expression, this tenderness, from his child’s soul! He was “playing” upon her.

She had never produced such an effect upon the Brickfordians. They were hushed in stillness, and for the time forgot all the subjects of gossip which they associated with this young heroine. They were awed as under the influence of something ethereal and spiritual. When the lament was finished, there was a hushed stillness more eloquent than applause.

The pale face of Mr. Doughty was lighted up with enthusiasm. He was beside her in a moment. Every eye followed the movement.

“Enchanting!” he said. “What a pity that one should be absent who would have been more delighted than any one here.”

Corinna turned to him, and with a voice that trembled slightly, said:

“I am glad you have made that allusion,” she said; “it shows that you are still pursuing the noble and generous purpose which you lately have had before your mind. If it be a satisfaction to you to know, I can tell you that you have succeeded. You have made me the object of these people’s attention, the food for their vulgar gossip, and you have mortified and wounded me to the quick. I do feel it, and have felt it all, as much as you could possibly desire. And yet I can tell you, your little know what you have done, your punishment is not so complete as you think.”

His lips trembled as he answered her:

“I told you before that you misjudged me, and you do so still. I will not pretend to misunderstand you, as perhaps an-

other would do. But I can tell you I have had no scheme of vengeance. And for what," he added, putting on his old sarcastic manner, "for what was I to avenge myself? Forgive me! With you I should be ashamed to resort to pretences or subterfuges. You know well what my feelings were towards you, and what I wished to do if I saw that it would have been acceptable; but I was wise enough to save myself. I did not wish to be ridiculous, for I am sensitive, more so than you would suppose."

"And I?" said Corinna, gently; "can you not suppose that I also have my share of sensitiveness and pride? I, the poor music-master's daughter, who live in a perfect glare of suspicion, envy, jealousy, and dislike . . . But that has passed now. It is enough that I saw, what perhaps no one else did, the refined purpose you have had in your mind ever since, oh, I must say, humiliating me—"

"As I live, no," he answered, fervently. "I wished to save you, to open your eyes, to prove to you the worthlessness of the object on which you had—well, to which you had sacrificed—one that knew your worth and perfection. If this be vengeance, I confess it all. If this be humiliation—I own—"

It was the most unlucky thing in the world that Will Gardiner should have entered the room in his excited way while this interesting dialogue was going on. It might have led up to something that would perhaps have rendered further narrative unnecessary. But here he was whispering about the room eagerly, saying in scarcely suppressed tones that "it was shameful," "scandalous," and that somebody "ought to be kicked." Before five minutes every one in the room knew that young Duke had been ordered away, had exchanged from his crack regiment into one that was to embark for foreign service, and was gone!

Will Gardiner, troubled at heart with the news, for he felt that it made the situation dangerous again, could not yet resist taking "Old Doughty" aside to tell him. "A regular case of cutaway and desertion, for which he ought to be had up before the magistrate; but the poor girl! who is to tell her, or how? I think you would be the man; better than one of these fussing, meddling women, who would truss and spit her any day." But already he saw, with some confusion, that his lady had taken the pleasing office on herself, and was "sympathising" with Corinna. Faces, curious and malicious

both, converged to hers as to a focus, to see "how she took it." Even the most delicate could not resist. The situation was rare. She was left in the lurch; where two stools were concerned, as the doggerel bard had sung, the result was nearly invariable. But her ally, Mr. Doughty, was again beside her. They thought she was acting wonderfully when they saw her smiling on him. She was, they thought, already trimming her sails, and trying to repair the loss; but she was saying:

"You can congratulate yourself on the success of your scheme. To-night must be a triumph for you."

He could not resist answering, sadly: "A triumph for my judgment. Yes; for I foresaw all this from the beginning."

"And you professed to care for me, and could expose me to this!"

Her father was coming over to make her sing again. Good, easy man, he had not heard the great news; he was declaiming to a small admiring audience how the great Braham had sung in Westminster Abbey, at the Festival, &c. He had now graciously condescended to allow his daughter to give them the "Cherry," the imperishable Cherry Ripe. Corinna's was a gallant soul. She never flinched for a second, and with all eyes bent on her, gave the jocund song with all trills and tripping graces in the true coquettish style, as though her heart were as light and careless as a bird's. Her eyes wandered to where Mr. Doughty was sitting, and settled on him a moment steadily. Perhaps she was singing at him to prove that his cruel purpose had not affected her. He listened to the close, then rose up, and stole away quietly without wishing good-night to anybody.

Then came a general buzz and breaking up. The centre of attraction was absent; so there was now no particular inducement for remaining. Mr. Nagle looked not a little bewildered when he found that his noble friend was gone. As for the sudden departure of young Duke, it scarcely affected him. He did not see it in the light that the public did. "The young fellow has gone for an outing," he said. "He is of a volatile description. A little too staccato in his motions, but a fine spirit. We shall make a singer of him one of these days."

"Yes; but see here, my friend Nagle," said Will Gardiner, who was really concerned. "How about Miss Corinna? He has been carrying on there very seriously. I hope to Heaven she has been sensible enough not to think of it as more than a

little flirtation. As it is, the fellow has behaved shabbily. I always said he was a cad."

"Oh, leave it to me," said Mr. Nagle, who began to think it was an advantage to have the young man out of the way. "I know the right chord. Young people will philander a little, and no harm done. When I lead in the orchestra, I lead from my full score, sir."

With which rather enigmatical declaration Mr. Nagle began wishing good-night all round, and took his daughter home.

When they reached the Crescent, Corinna was given a letter privately by the maid, who had a look of sympathy on her face. In her room Corinna opened and read it:

I am very sorry I could not see you before I went away; but the whole has been arranged very suddenly. I am going out to India, and may not be back for years.

I have been driven from this place by the vulgar persecution of the people here, who would not allow me to associate with people whom I liked, without low remarks and impertinent libels. Only this morning I received some coarse verses in which your name and mine, and that of a third party, were made free with in the grossest way. They have succeeded in their ends. I am delighted to have done with them, as you know not what I have endured all the time I have been here.

You will say, why should I not say good-bye to you in the regular way, and see you again. I will tell you. Your father's manner to me has always been—forgive me for saying so—unpleasant. You yourself are perfection, a perfect lady, as my mother says, but he has somehow always jarred upon me. I never admired any one so much as you, or never shall again, and if I had not seen that you were, as my mother says, playing me off against another man—but there is no use talking of that now. It is plain to every one here that your family had designs on that man, and his dislike and jealousy of me was quite evident. I have now retired, and left the field open to him, wishing you all happiness, whatever be the lot in life that you may choose.

Believe me always your friend,
ALFRED DUKE.

Corinna read it quite calmly to the end.

"He was unworthy of me, and, after the few first days, I always suspected his devotion. Thank Heaven, I did not give him my affection, as I was tempted to do!"

We now turn to another house when that night closed in, and see Mr. Doughty pacing his room in agitation. "This is my triumph," he would stop and say to himself, "but what an unworthy one. What blind stupidity! She will only hate me for the mortification. I am not fit to be of this world; a child knows more, and has more wit. The ground is cleared, and what I thought an obstacle is gone, and yet I am no nearer. She will despise me for what she will consider nothing but the meanest, poorest exhibition of spite, the true part of the dog in his manger. What I have no chance of enjoying myself I can at least hinder others from enjoying."

He grew more and more agitated as he walked. "Is this to be always my lot in the world? Every blessing—first youth, then money—turned to a curse. I was young, and a man older, and more crafty in the world's ways, snatched what I loved from me. I am older, and have the same advantage, and youth comes between me and her. I was poor, and was despised; I am now rich, and my money stands in the way. I would be generous, and sacrifice myself, and yet events take this cursed shape, and make me appear as if I had brought all this about. Let her have him if she loves him. Above all, let her not have a contempt for me; I must be saved from that."

Mr. Doughty's servant heard his master pacing about in this fashion for some hours, and at last was summoned to his room to receive orders to have the things packed for the first train in the morning.

"But you are not well enough to travel. Doctor Spooner said particularly——"

"I am not going to travel," was the reply. "Be sure you call me in time."

Mr. Doughty was called in time, or rather was up and dressed before he was called, looking very haggard and worn, and, indeed, scarcely able to stand. Before seven o'clock he was at the railway, and had gone no one in Brickford knew whither. Had they known of his departure there would have been infinite wonder in Brickford, and perhaps infinite inquisition, at even the railway station, to ascertain "What on earth could have taken him away?"

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INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for

all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful and lye, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it

takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the

most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native

production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and, that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing, a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's

Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not infrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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